Teenage Genocide. #4

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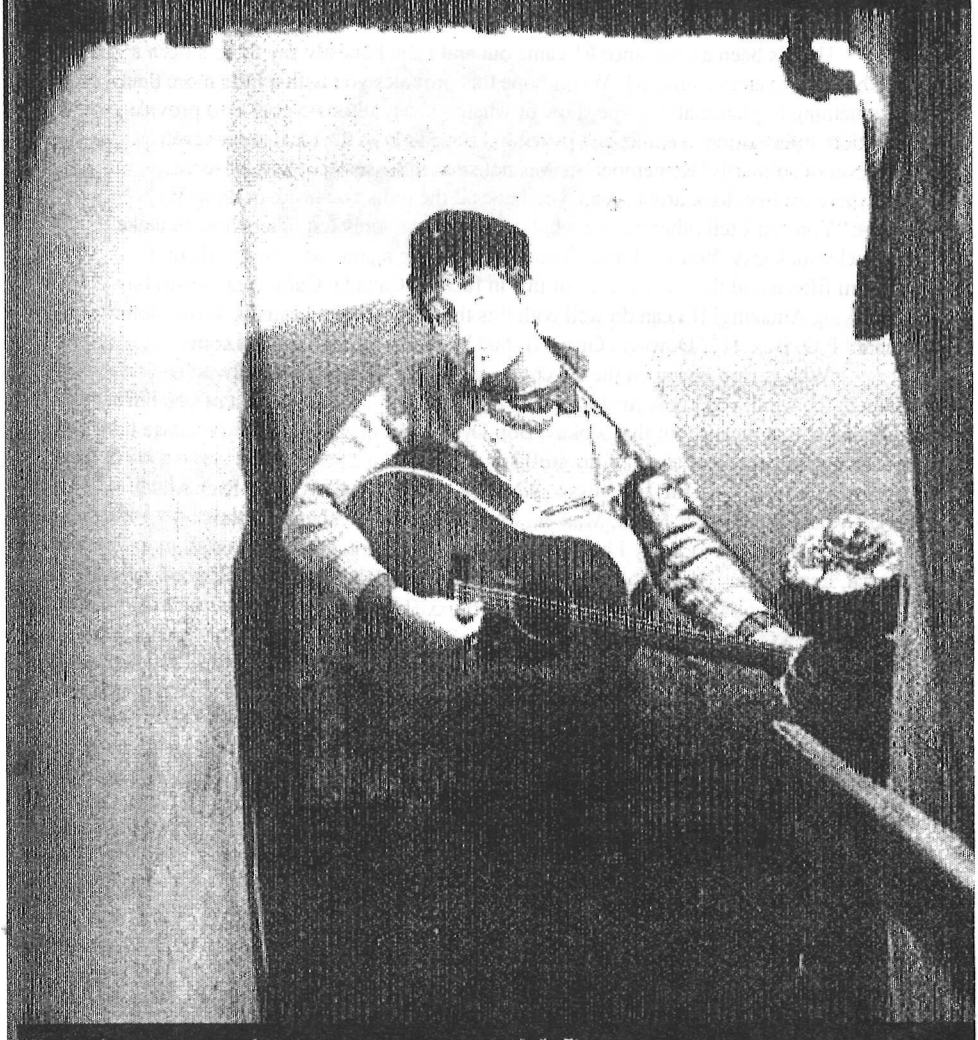

Interviews with;

Trepan Nation

Kungfu Rick

Teenage Genocide.

Hi, it's been a year since #1 came out and I can honestly say there's been a pretty big improvement since #1. Well I hope this provides you with a little more than just something to glance at at some show or whatever. My ultimate goal is to provide inspiration, information, a smile, and possibly I hope to help the local scene reach some level of solidarity. Remember punk is not something for people to observe. Look where we live, look around you, you have all the tools you need, qouting V. Reverse "You can't tell other people what sucks, you can only tell others how to make what sucks suck less, You're Bored? Your Fault!" Once again the tools are there, I mean I'm fifteen and there are copies of this in fucking Canada, California, Australia, etc. Fucking Amazing! If I can do well with this think of what you can do. Write- John Meehan/ P.O. Box 912/ Downers Grove IL 60515 Email- JohnyTG@aol.com

Why is Bob Dylan on the cover you ask? Well the answer my friend is blowin in the wind, you know the times they are a changin'. I'm sure most of you have no idea what that means, but that's okay. Bob Dylan's on the cover simply because I think he's great, chek out some of his stuff sometime.

Big Sloppy Kisses Go Out To; Missy , XMikeX, Skate Shack, Kungfu Rick,Musik Werks, Music Warehouse, MRR, Matt B., Matt K.,Phil O., Katherine, John Baxter(Thanx for writing sorry I blew you off), Greg Janetka, Wes Pua, Jen W, Rebecca, Leaning on Sill, Craig Sinister, Stand Down, U-Dog, BYOFL,Millpool, All Ages, Mom+Bill, all those I forgot

Teenage Genocide.

Hey, hey it's Craig from Sinister comin' atcha. Just wanted to write something about why it is so very important to support your local music shops. If a store is stocking a punk section, they are doing it for someone that wants it, that's us. The corporate stores; Blockbuster, Best Buy, etc. just wanna make some cash. I know it is easier to buy your stuff from Best Buy and Circuit City, it's even cheaper, I look at it as we need to keep mon and pop shops as long as we can, the world doesn't need another multi million dollar corparation, unless that $7.50 an hour is what you wanna make all your life. I would prefer to support a couple that has been doing this for years rather than a fool in a suit. The point is support something that isn't corporate if you have the choice. Record stores in the Chicago burbs are Musik Werks (Downers Grove), Music Warehouse (Downers Grove), Bizzy B (*Yes they're still open, it was a joke kids-Ed.)* (Naperville), Record Breakers (Hoffman Estates), Music Reckless's (Chicago and Evanston), HiFi (Chicago) Record Swap (Homewood). Check out the new Frontside (One of the best up and coming groups in Chicago, balls to the wall hardcore baby!) Cdep if you're into hardcore and the Oblivion CD is out too! Email me or write if you have any questions or comments, Sinister finally has a new web page up, www.angelfire.com/il2/sinister/rock.html, Sinisterec@aol.com or Sinister, P.O. Box 1178, LaGrange Pk, IL 60526.

Lynyrd's Innards

For those of you who don't know by now, Lynyrd's Innards got all their gear stolen in Canada. Even worse was the fact that they had a 2 week tour already booked when their gear was stolen. Thankfully though many friends of their's lent them their gear for the tour. And on 9/12 a benefit show was thrown to raise money for the boys, at least ten bands for eight dollars! Including Mushuganas, Oblivion, Apocalypse Hoboken, and The Strike. It's great to see how aomething like this can bring together a community, I just think it's too bad that something bad has to happen to these kids in order for them to get the well deserved attention and respect this band deserves, I think that "You're Wreckin Me" went far too unnoticed..... John Meehan

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

May 30,1999

Dearest Johnathon,

Firstly, I would sincerely implore your merciful forgiveness regarding the incident at the Not Rebecca show in which I proceeded to blow my nose on one of your copies of Teenage Genocide. This mocking gesture was not only insidious, foul, and unethical, but also lacked any rational justification for its transpiration. Perhaps, if I had been inebriated, this vile displacement of snottage would have been more contextually appropriate, as it would have been done in high punk rock fashion; but alas, I was not drunk (straight-edge, yada-yada-yada), but merely full of snot and in an exceedingly daffy mood. A thousand pardons, comrade.

Now, to a topic that I find very disturbing these days: television commercials.

Alter a bit of self-reflection, I have discovered that most of my life is spent sitting on my ass. Really, I must sit on my dumb ass for 95% of my days! In school, I sit on my ass; upon returning home, I sit on my ass. I'll read, I'll play...sitting on my ass. As I write this, I am in fact sitting on my ass. Showering, I think, is the most strenuous damn thing I do. Sleeping...that's worse, isn't it? In that case, I'm laying on my ass (I'd probably be laying down and sleeping most of the time anyway if didn't find myself in compromising environments.)

One thing I occasionally do while sitting on my dumb ass is watch TV. And when I watch TV, I sure as hell ain't watching it for the shows! It's those hilarious commercials I'm after. Let me tell you, there ain't nuthin' quite as exhilarating as watching TV advertisements, all too aware that each flashing image is fondling my mind and each fabricated jingle (SAVE BIG MONEY AT MENARD'S.) will be playing in the soundtrack of my subconscious for decades to come. Naturally, I've become quite the connoisseur of commercials, and this brings me to my point.

What the hell happened to TV commercials, man?! They suck! I mean, they've always sucked, but now they super-suck! If I'm gonna be brainwashed, dammit, make it entertaining! Where are those glorious commercials of my youth, anthems of innocence and wonder?. Has anyone else noticed how goddamn awful they have become?

The Budweiser frogs. Screw those filthy amphibious bastards. It was funny before the commercials became so dam self-referential; now, they could probably teach a high school course based on the philosophy of the commercial series, and they could make it weighted, because that's such heavy shit, dude, talkin' frogs and all.

What about all these commercials showing posh kids set in raves, shaking their dumb asses to loud electronika crap that sounds like music on the elevator to Hell, with all the popping lights of a pinball machine and the streamline editing of a Hollywood production. Holy Crap! What the hell is this? I don't know! There are places such as this, for real, not just in the minds of nerdy little advertising execs? I don't even know what they are selling. Care, clothing, toothbrushes, dildos? I can't even recall! Dear Lord!

And finally...and these ones seriously force me to leave the room in disarray...the Pepsi tie-in commercials with Star Wars. What is there to say, really? As I watch the lightsaber-yielding Colonel Sanders, the blaster-armed Pizza Hut Girl, and that satanic chihuahua do battle with a regiment of battledroids, a la The Phantom Menace, an almost indescribable pause settles upon me. No thoughts, no words spoken, only a solitary tear falling, and a soul searching out for God, in need of answers, explanations, and condolences.

Oh, God! All this writing has irritated my emotionally undone psyche; these wounds will not heal soon, I'm afraid. We should take all the money we waste on producing these expensive and ineffective TV commercials and give it to the poor...no, that's naive. Anyway, I'm done. God bless America.

Sincerely, Drew Durepos

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Pete Cahill

1953-1999: Death of the Art of Compromise

The spirit of political and personal Compromise, a necessary ingredient in the political formation and survival of the United States of America, has faded in the past half-century. This is a critical outcome of many movements and events, and it will prove more important and enduring than the factors from which it arose.

The ability of an individual to exchange opinion, to be open to accepting a portion of an opponent's idea, without hatred or rancor, is a necessary component of democracy. The need to find a safe passage for one's constituency through turbulence and the absence of a dear guiding compass is a key leadership skill. The ability to build meaningful consensus tests whether the nation exists as a dedicated republic or a sad bundle of warring factions. Sadly, the state of the art of Compromise appears to be dangerously weak, as we conclude the millennium.

During the 46 years from 1953-1999, the United States has experienced discernible trends, which have as by-product the current threat to Compromise:

· the growing recognition of individual and community platforms,
· shrinking trust and increasing disdain for elected or authority figures, and
· an increasingly intrusive and agenda-setting press.

It would be too easy to say that the most important occurrence of the past half-century in the United States has been some milestone along any of these paths, which crossed these decades. The truth is that the most important outcome of this half-century is the outcome of these three movements, the death of Compromise. Paradoxically, while each of these three factors is a sign and symptom of a healthy democracy free gathering of persons of shared interest, oversight of government, and a free press---the outcome of the three in the past decade has been destruction of Compromise as a skill.

Factor 1: growing recognition of individual and community platforms

In terms of human rights, one could be guided by his biases to point to such court decisions as Roe v. Wade or Brown v. Board of Education, or the civil disobedience movements of the 60s, or the Stonewall riot of 1968 as watershed events. Overlapping but identifiable struggles for of rights and have occurred, featuring · 1950s efforts for racial equality giving way to · 1960s efforts for youth voice, the 1970s

efforts for personal choice, followed by
·1980's pursuit of the right to guilt free wealth.
Throughout this half-century, the struggles for women's rights and gay rights have been waged. As these groups have demanded and exercised their rights, resulting in important positive changes in human rights over the past half-century.
The growth in individual and group rights movements has been an important reason for the death of Compromise. Fifty years ago, minority lines were clearly drawn by simple contrast with the white Anglo-Saxon male majority within the workforce. Now, the nature of the workforce has changed, so that this former majority is no more:
1. Nearly every American belongs or can choose to belong to at least one minority. With the onset of rapid communications, by radio, then telephone, then television, and now the internet, any individual seeking to develop a minority identification can do so. There is enough diversity in America that political movements now exist to advocate the broad availability of child pornography, an entity that most Americans see as scourge.
2. Instead of seeking equality in interaction with former oppressors, a minority's movement is now toward sovereignty and broad agenda building. It is no longer enough for a person to seek to dwell safely, without intrusions on his rights of race, sexual preference or religious belief. Now, that man commonly seeks a community position, a set of political planks upon which people belonging to his particular minority should cluster. Minorities formerly concerned with simple survival now pursue cohesion with like-minded individuals, and a political power born of that like-mindedness.
3. With the increase in electronic consumerism in America, one can look to an accelerating group formation, formality and platform building among these new minorities.
A basis for effective Compromise is the ability to listen to what is important in others' beliefs and desires. With so many minorities emerging, with such a range of beliefs, and such detailed visions of how these beliefs must be implemented, it grows increasingly difficult for Compromise to occur: it is far too hard to listen through all these minorities' rhetoric to their core values.

Factor 2: shrinking trust and increasing disdain for elected or authority figures

A shrinking trust in elected leaders is no surprise. Morally bankrupt leaders populate the last 50 years, as Americans have learned that their elected leadership is all too human. Such figures as Joseph McCarthy, Richard Nixon, and Bill Clinton have ruled this land. The vast inconsistencies between their publicly

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stated objectives and secret behaviors, when uncovered have sickened the nation, leaving it bereft of high-principled and passionate examples for its youth. The positive contribution to America and the world made by each of these four individuals is lost in the fetid backwash of their backroom dealings.

A second effective killer of Compromise is our distrust of those we have elected. The American public has been given a half century to grow in the belief that its representatives are increasingly self-seeking, living in a Beltway of artificial values and public posturing. The electorate sees occasional good action come from its candidates. More common, though, are their complaints that they have been hamstrung by their opponents, whether across the aisle or across the globe. After all this time, it is difficult for the individual citizen to know or care what really happens in government decision-making, more difficult still for him to trust the motives and actions of the electorate. Any American can point to Watergate, Iran Guns for Hostages bargaining, Whitewater, or the Lewinsky affair as reasons not to trust. Again, each is a marking stone on the dark path of the past fifty years.

Compromise calls for trust. One trust that the person across the aisle or wodd to honor his word. This is increasingly difficult, for trust badly given now is more a worse reflection on the grantor than on the person trusted. By way of example, it is grotesquely interesting that Bill Clinton, the first president truly coming of age in the past fifty years, has proven so bereft of honesty. When political allies leave meetings with him, wagging their heads, indicating that the President will not honor a former commitment, the American public is some how inclined to say "Well you knew he was a snake when we elected him." Compromise cannot prosper in this enviroment.

I am almost sure that what I am writing right now will not make it into the zine. I usually write five columns before I am satisfied and then the column usually turns out to be shit. *I mean my 3rd grade teacher!?!?* Man, even I don't care about that any more. Although it did take quite a while to get over.

It's about the beginning of August right now and I know it's one hell of a long way until I get this thing out. I'm sorry that this doesn't come out in a more timely manner. It's just that I refuse to waste paper, honestly some of the zines I see are maybe

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twelve full pages, that only have to be maybe five.

The thing is that you have all these kids who think it's necessary to have a thick zine so they try to make theirs appear longer by having comically large fonts and huge maybe 1 page graphics.

I get a lot of complaints about this zine, many of them are well deserved like the amount of time I take to put one out, the noticeably small amount of female contributors, and in earlier issues, the horrible throwaway questions asked in interviews "Are you sXe", "Who are your influences". Although I admit that this zine is outrageously cliquey, in the fact that if I don't like you, you don't write for the zine and the fact that almost all contributors are close friends of mine, still this zine is pretty much a cross section of this scene, you've got your emo/grind kid, your ska kid, the wordy indie kid, me the *"I'm John Meehan and I just think I'm soooo punk because I have a zine and a leather jacket."* kid, etc., etc. I don't know but if you want to write something that's great, but don't bother me about it, just send me the article or whatever, I hate using the internet, so if you want something from me or whatever please get right to the point. But please don't think I don't enjoy getting email, I love the ones that are just like "Hey, I got your zine the other day it was real neat." Those are the ones I like best, the ones that don't want me to throw their promo crap in the zine and just want to say they liked it, those are nice.

On something totally unrelated I've been thinking lately about militance, I've tended to be someone who's always tryed his best to stay away from labels, never really aligning myself to any one cause. I don't know about that train of thought lately... Lately I'm starting to see that there's really nothing wrong with being a militant, with yourself at least, I hope you get what I'm trying to communicate, there's nothing wrong with believing in something strongly, but there's most definitely something wrong with the way most militant people, groups approach people who don't agree with or follow that groups message. A great example would be some of the Earth Crisis sort of kids, once again I don't like Earth Crisis but there's nothing wrong with what they do. Anyway a good example would be some of these extremely militant sXe kids whom feel it nessecary to get in your face if you light a ciggarette. Here's a piece of advice for some of you kids, did you ever think that decking a kid for smoking was going to get that kid to go "Hey, those kids might just be right. Maybe I should give straight edge a shot." being condescending will never get your movement anywhere. So there's nothing wrong with taking in militant ideology and applying to your life, or even speaking out but remember, talking to

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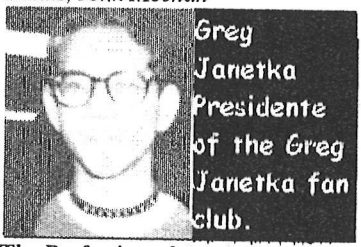
a person is going to get that person to think and possibly change something, but violence just narrows that possible allies mind.

Well we're celebrating our first year. I can't gaurantee many more years to come but I'll try. I'll be tremendously dissapointed if I don't start seeing some new zines around here so anyways, thanks to everybody who's been reading, everyone who's provided me with inspiration and everyone who's made this year fun. Also, want back issues? I got em' just write and tell me what issue you want and you got it, except #1, I will not make any more copies of #1 those who have seen it understand. Write me at JohnyTG@aol.com or (preferred) mail me at Teenage Genocide/ P.O. Box 912/ Downers Grove IL. 60515. If you want to distro this definitely get in touch, I'm more interested in trading but if you don't do a zine and want some copies to distro we could work it out, I'm willing to pay for postage so all you really have to do is get in touch - *thanks, John Meehan*



The Perfection of that is the Female Gender

"That's the thing about girls. Everytime they do something pretty, even if they're not much to look at, or even if they're sort of stupid, you fall half in love with them and then you never know where the hell you are. Girls. Jesus Christ. They can drive you crazy they really can." This statement comes from Holden Caulfield, the main character in J.D. Salinger's classic novel of teenage angst Catcher In the Rye. Holden can not comprehend why such a reaction occurs within him, it just does. The following I propose as the answer which unlocks the mystery behind such situations. In this sporatic, irrational world we live in, there must be a continual bending force which is able to hold us all together and keep the human society thriving as it does. This force is realized in the perfection that is simply referred to as girls. Yes, often referred to as the "fair sex," the female's inherited perfectionism can not be rivaled in terms of effectiveness of it's sheer passion. without it, without them as they are, we would be nowhere. If somehow, someday, the female of the human species would render to be perfect, all of creation would simply crumble to ashes.

The perfection of girls is a disputed fact by many. There is only one reason for this- refusal to accept the truth. Guys refuse to believe this because they simply cannot accept the ego blow that comes with the realization that the reason for all their

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pain and misery does not come from the hurtful, bitter, and just outright mean actions of girls, but from the guy himself. Said fellows need but to look through the girls eyes and realize that he deserved all of the pain she delt out.

It can actually be broken down into the very simple economic factor of supply and demand. The guy basically demands he be hurt, be wronged, for his actions, and the girl, in turn, supplys it. Any relationship must include this equalizing component for it to flourish.

Guys must accept this fact that you can never be justified in your anger at a girl, they NEVER deserve it. The fault always lies of insight to whatever it may be which led her to hurt you.

We have now come to the heart of my study, which I have logged countless studies upon- the highway of life. in the happy, complete, perfect life that girls lead, they unfortunately, may lapse over to a more male lifestyle- an oxymoron to perfection. But this is not their fault. It is only because of the male's overpowering force bearing down on them to be evil and hurtful, sometimes it will break them down and it is then that they lapse or detour. This detour will eventually lead them back to the intended destination, but the length of the detour varies with every situation. Some girls will get stuck in a perverbial ditch of scorn, where in they will always jilt whichever guy they fall for, in a method of defense. These are exceptionally troubling cases. Unfortunately, I have not devised an effective method to treat such a disease. It seems to overcome the entire body like a parasite, almost as if the female had a male gene lodged within herand was just trying to fight it with whatever means possible, i.e.- wanton destruction of male souls.

Tread lightly and NEVER, NEVER engage in a seemingly friendly conversation with such a girl, it will always ultimately lead to her attempting to suck you in and ripping you apart and throwing back whatever is left of what looks like a normal person outside, but with the inside removed, one more hurtful action would only lead to the ultimate annihilation of the spirit, the mind and the body itself.

The female body will attempt to correct itself by injuring itself. If we return to the highway of life, the body is attempting to "merge" itself back onto the correct course to follow. The more a girl injures herself, the clumsier she is, the more the body is fighting against imperfection. Remember this and always keep it in your head and heart- no matter what happens a girl is worth anything. No matter how many friends you abuse, no matter how many times you blow off work, no matter how much she hurts you, no matter how many alcohol induced fits you throw because she makes you hate yourself

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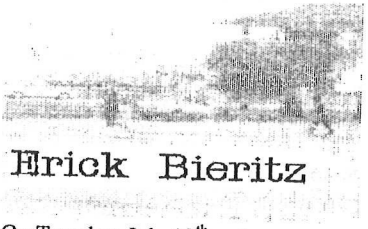
so much to the point where you do not care about anything anymore except drinking and hurting yourself, remember, a girl is always worth it--if you're lucky enough to find a real one. Holden, you go out and you find your girl and stick with her, maybe someday she'll actually love you and you alone. Don't ever give up. **Greg Janetka**



Erick Bieritz

On Tuesday, July 13th and Wednesday, July 14th, my roommate Craig Lennon and I visited Illinois State University for our fall orientation. I have checked with several people going to other schools (University of Iowa and University of Illinois) and found that their orientation processes are similar, so people who are thinking about going to college (teenagers read this, right?) can expect something like this.

I got up around 6:00 to get ready, threw my things in the car and went to pick up Craig. We left his house a few minutes before 8:00 and took I-55 south to Bloomington. The drive took about an hour and a half since the highway basically goes right to the college and there was not much traffic. We listened to one of my tapes (my choice) and a Kleenex Girl Wonder CD (Craig's choice).

We arrived at the college and registered; I was lumped together with Craig's family for awhile (his parents had driven down separately) and then tossed into another group with a bunch of other incoming freshmen. Things looked grim as I scanned my fellow students. The girls all had blond hair, skin tinged orange from tanning, and were slightly overweight. Many of the guys were wearing visors backwards and upside down (I still don't get that; some sort of water collection device?) and trying to pull off this tough guy thing that really wasn't working out well.

Our group leader, a several year-student at the school, was well meaning but a little too energetic. Fortunately, I had arrived late enough to miss most of the get-to-know-each-other stuff, and by 11:00 we were off to take our English placement test, a fairly interesting essay on campus racism. Too tough for most of the idiots there, though.

After a questionably healthy lunch, the students gathered in an "Activity Room" where each group was required to do a humiliating and demoralizing "cheer". This was the first in a series of many signs that my college held to a very nineties mindset: students should feel good about themselves, teamwork is important, and all the students can get along with each other. Such behavior

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is, I think, deceptive in a secondary education system where 35-40% of the students drop out after the first year.

Next on our agenda was a series of educational planning meetings, then a technology seminar. We then returned to a central classroom where the group leaders put on a rather embarrassing "skit" (amateur drama; another creation of the nineties) telling us about student involvement. My fellow students seemed to enjoy the numerous Limp Bizkit references, though.

8:00 brought a laughable experience; "Meet Your Future Friends". This was conducted through the least personable means, a write-in game! Each of us was given a sheet divided into boxes, in which various phrases were placed. We then were required to sign the ones we had experienced. So now I have a virtually unreadable signature to put with "saw Star Wars: Episode I" and a glimpse of a face. Needless to say, I didn't meet anyone.

After 8:30 we were released, but not before being invited to a number of optional activities. Craig and I skipped volleyball and open mike at the coffeehouse and checked out the local CD store, Co-Op Records. It turned out to be pretty good, with a fairly wide used selection.

We were in a temporary room for the night, and it was pretty rundown, even by dorm standards. We had great fun trying to figure out what the patterns on our blankets were supposed to represent and why Craig's bed had a wide dip in the center of it.

The next day we were up around six thirty. Luckily for us, we were almost alone on our floor, so showering was no problem. After a mediocre breakfast (think high school cafeteria) we checked out of our rooms and went out to learn about college safety from the local lawmen. Apparently about 50 rapes are reported every year, and that's only supposed to be a fifth of the total number. Even guys are victimized; naturally my fellow students responded to this with uproarious laughter, rather than the thoughtful silence it probably deserved.

Next up was class registration, the real meat of the visit. I can't vouch for other colleges, but there it basically came down to a race. The students were spread out to different computer rooms all around the campus, and then started registering. Basically, we were in a DOS keystroke program watching classes disappear as students a hundred and fifty students tried to register for the same ideal time slots. I was lucky for the most part, but I did get stuck with a 5:30-6:45 math class. My advice would be to know ahead of time what classes you want to take.

Around lunchtime we finally had a chance to talk to some

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people who seemed interesting. Craig struck up a conversation with a guy named Dino (spelling? sorry) who had noticed his V Reverse patch. It was refreshing to talk to someone who actually knew who Braid, The Siren Six and Los Crudos were.

After 1:00, we attended a session called "Hi, my name is... Slim Shadey". The caption in our schedule read: "What?... like the rapper, Eminem, find out why we all belong." Maybe it's because I don't know much about rap music, but this session thoroughly confused me. I think it boiled down to an "everybody is good and we are all friends" kind of thing. I'm not sure.

A few sessions later we wrapped up our college experience and gratefully headed North on I-55. On the way back we listened to Modest Mouse (my choice), Boy Sets Fire (Craig's choice, a good album in my opinion) and Port Vale (my choice). We got back to our homes before 6:00 and were glad to be there.

What did I learn from visiting the school I will be attending this summer? Most of the people who go to college are idiots, just like in high school. Most of the things teachers and administrators tell you will be unnecessarily complicated, just like in high school. What's the final analysis? Enjoy your summer, I guess, you're going to miss it.

Erick Bieritz

I listened to Snow Pony, Lustre King and The Dismemberment Plan while writing this. Did it affect my attitude? Write and have your say. Merrick40@hotmail.com.

I like Sesame Street, a lot. (Shutup.) It is a kind of like real life, only played through puppets. And everything is kind of hush-hush. There are all sorts of messed up things on Sesame Street. It seems to be about counting and acceptance ... but delve deeper.

The two headed monster obviously had a multiple personality problem. He talked to himself. He argued with himself!! And just try to tell me that Grover does not have a problem with codependency. I mean, every time anything went wrong, what did he do? He called for his mother.

Cookie Monster obviously represents obsessive eating. All he thought about was food. He ate nonstop and anything, not just cookies!! I'm not sure if any of the other characters tried to help him out ... but in those situations, people really aren't sure what to say.

Ernie and Bert. Two boys living together, one seems to be in charge (Bert), while one is more passive (Ernie). (The typical marriage

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is normally assumed to be this.) And while Ernie indulges in bubble baths singing to himself (quite emotionally, might I add) Bert goes out and does what he wants, when he wants. This obviously is supposed to portray a gay relationship, where one is neglected (the more feminine) yet doesn't get out of it. Sad, but it happens.

Then you get the more obvious. Big Bird is 6 feet tall, has a fairly negligent mother. I'd say he is a grown man. Yet he has a teddy bear. Either he needs to mature or belongs in a foster home. Oscar lives in a god damn garbage can! He is snappy and grumbles at people. (Can you say unemployed drunk?)

There is an obvious discrimination against women... I can only think of 5 female characters off the top of my head and at least 10 male characters. Of course one of the characters is blonde with pigtails and always wears a skirt. At least there is no racial discrimination. The main humans on the show are Hispanic. (Although I wonder about the lack of all the other races)

There is so much more. And that is why I adore Sesame Street. Seemingly innocent, it portrays the problems of everyday life that nobody likes to speak of. (Yes, I am a dork.)-

Missy Sladin

James Basco at age 5 at least I think that's what he told me...

Your hair always grows back, that is, unless you're some middle aged punk with male pattern baldness who is trying to recapture his youth. So while you still can, why not fulfill one of your punk rock fantasies... dye your hair just for kicks. Find some godawful color that could have only been created by men in labortories. Something bright, something vibrant, something that will make people give you strange looks. Alright, do you know which color you want yet? Good, keep it in mind and follow the next few steps to your new hairstyle.

1. For vibrant colors, you'll need to strip your hair with a bleach of some sort. So, go out to some beauty store type place and ask them for some help Oust swallow your pride, especially if this is your first time. Most of the employees think it's pretty cool that someone is trying to do it themselves, so they'll be a big help). Make sure to tell them what you're planning on doing, so they can hook you up with the right stuff. They'll probably give you some sort of powdered bleach and a developer, that's all you basically need. You'll also need to find the hair dye that you

COLUMNS

OPINIONS EXPRESSED WITHIN ARE SOLELY THOSE OF COLUMNISTS

want to use. Some stores carry them, but it's mostly semi-permanent (it washes out after about a month). If you're looking for a more permanent dye you may have to search around for it.

2. Bleaching. Yeah, it kind of stings, but it's nothing too painful. Anyway, first thing you might want to do is to change into some crappy clothes that you don't mind messing up (make sure that you can live with out them, because if any of the bleach spills on anything non-white, it'll leave some funky colors). Alright, so you might want to find one of your friends to help you out from here on, otherwise find a bathroom of some sort, as long as it has mirrors that you can see the front and back of your hair with. If you don't have any plastic gloves to use you can always take 2 big ziploc bags, put them over your hands and seal them with some rubber bands around your wrist. Now just mix together the bleach and developer in some kind of bowl and start applying it to your hair. Make sure to really put it on equally and rub it in, or you'll find some discolored spots later. Done? Alright, now comes the hard part.., sit on your arse for about 30 minutes with out scratching your head. You can use this time to wipe off the excess bleach on your face with paper towels or something and to clean up. When the time's done, just clip your head under a faucet of some kind and wash it all out.

3. The Dye. Now that you're ready to do the deed, gather up a few more supplies. Grab some newspapers, a really crappy rag to dye, your hair with, more gloves and some Vaseline or baby oil. Also, find a really bad sink (like in the basement) or just have the hose ready outside. Go back to the bathroom with the mirrors and lay down newspapers on anything that might get stained, because you're bound to spill something. Take the Vaseline and smear it all over your hairline and around your ears, etc. The Vaseline stops any of the excess dye from actually dying your skin. When that's all done, slip on your DIY gloves and start spreading on the dye. Just put it on evenly and then wait for about another 30 minutes. After the time has flown by, grab your rag and go rinse out your hair. When you're done rinsing, dry off with the rag and your done.

4. Extra crap. Alright, if you just want to do strips of hair or chunks, I suggest you go out and buy a chunking kit at someplace like Jewel (it's basically a cap that you can pull sections of your hair through so that you only dye those parts).

Or, you can just separate the portion of your hair and then put a piece of tin foil under it to separate it from the rest of your scalp. Go and dye that portion and then just crumple up the tin foil and wait and wash. To dye your tips or bangs, here's my advice: Find or buy a comb with a handle.

COLUMNS

OPINIONS EXPRESSED WITHIN ARE SOLELY THOSE OF COLUMNISTS

Apply the dye to the comb with something like q-tips, making sure to get it in between the teeth of the comb. Then, just brush it in and reapply until you've gotten all that you want. Finally, there is the matter of using Kool-Aide on your hair. Coming from some experience, it doesn't show up very well or last very long, but if that's what you're looking for then it's great. Just buy lots of Kool-aide (it helps if it's a flavor that you also like). Mix the powder with warm/hot water until it's pasty, then just apply like stated above.. If you need any help finding any of this stuff just e-mail me at chunlee23@hotmail and I can tell you where to get it all.

James Basco

Trisha did write something for me but since I'm the dictator of this zine I decided not to print it. I will just say that the article supported a police program which is intended to crack down on drunk drivers, and which has been abused by the police. It just strayed a little too far into the right for me and I certaintly don't want anyone using this zine as a medium for expressing those sort of opinions. I'm not entirely sure if this is the right thing to do, but it's my zine and I don't know if the message was sooo wrong but the way it was written was probably what made it get taken out. Please don't think that because I won't put in something that clashed with my ideology means that I won't print anything I disagree with.

Thanks, *John Meehan*

What is punk?

Ok, I for one am sick of the punk rock scene in general. Don't get me worng, I love the music, and some of the ideas it supports but the scene has been ruined! I used to dress totally punk and listen only to that type of music, but since I changed my appearance people that I thought I knew seem to shun me, why is this? Because I don't dress the same way? I still listen to the same grerat music, and act the same. Now this isn't everyone, some of my real friends could give two shits about what I wear, and that's the way it should be. Being "punk" to me is being yourself and having fun, after all isn't that what the music is about? So anyone in my mind who rejects people and treats them differently just because of the clothes they wear is an idiot. Anyway I'm saying this to see what others think about it, maybe some of you reformed punks out there. All I'm saying is that even if I don't advertise being punk, I shouldn't be made fun of for my new clothes. - Ian P, Blueseed@enteract.com

Trepan Nation

When I first heard *Trepan Nation* I was floored!. Take Minor Threat's sense of humor add well arranged lyrics revolving around our scene, and our nation and you end up with *Trepan Nation*. Even my mom said "If he (XMikeX) didn't say the F-word so much he'd be very articulate."

Okay, Members names, and instruments?

Brad plays guitar all the time, XmikeX (that's me) sings all the time and plays guitar sometimes, XPantsBenPantsX plays bass, shakes his ass, and makes pouty faces, and Micah drums right now, but by the time you read this, he'll be in Spain not drumming. Brian Rider is the new drum guy.

Alright, what do you think of all these youth crew bands thanking Nike?

Dude, that is so fucked. On so many levels, it's just plain wrong. First of all, of course, you shouldn't even wear those over-priced, worker-and-animal-exploiting pieces of shit, anyway. But the concept of HC kids, who oughta have some connection with punk, getting so caught up in fashion and name-brand loyalty is just ridiculous. I realize that these kids probably only view themselves as punks tangentially, if at all, (which is another problem, really) but anyone that sees themselves as progressive, aware, or "posi" should be totally rejecting that kind of crass consumerism. I ain't saying that I'm immune to fashion (well, if camo shorts are fashion...), and I ain't saying you need to be, necessarily. But to display such an incredible bond with a multinational corporation is pretty fucking disturbing.

Do you think the sXe scene is primarily flooded with jocks?

Um, no not really. It's so tempting to say 'yeah,' but really, the majority of sXe kids I know are totally cool. I realize, of course, that there're some real dipshits out there, but there's a big, diverse scene out there. Unfortunately, the assholes are the ones up front dancing hard, and fucking shit up for the rest of us...which is really a big part of why I still 'x' up and 'claim sXe.' I think most straightedge kids are rad, and it's important that the cool ones don't get discouraged and give up the scene to the fuckups.

Have you seen any of these news reports on sXe gangs, what do you think?

Oy, vey. Whatta load of crap. On one hand, it's typical of the major media to play up sensational angles, but it really bums me out that they were given something to work with, that totally evil things are being done in the sXe name. After the big one on SLC aired, my aunt called my mom, all worried that I was in a gang. My mom laughed it off, however, and calmed that shit down.

Can we expect any future releases on Harmless, or have ya' moved on. And if you're through with Harmless, how come?

Um, the next disc is not gonna be on Harmless, just 'cos Scott's got a lot of things cooking, now, and he doesn't have the time or dough to do it, now. But we're gonna do a split 5 inch with Good Clean Fun for Harmless. The next release is gonna be these nine new songs we recorded, along with the seven inches, splits, comp tracks, etc. Pretty much a discography minus the LP.

So what politics do you carry? Do you think that right wing ideology belongs in our scene?

Well, heck, the first question is pretty broad, but we're pretty much your garden variety leftists/punks. Vegan straightedge socialist athiest queer-positive...hate cops, love kittens, y'know?

Right wing ideology? Regress, no way!

Do you think that a band is obligated to try to stop fights during their sets?

I think human beings are obligated to reduce violence all the time...there's never been a fight while we've played, but yeah. I'd definitely bust that shit up.

What do you think makes a good band?

Wow. Another broad question...heck...I guess that the initial thing that comes to mind is the ability to, y'know, play your instruments reasonably well, etc., but that's really not even true. I think it's all in the songs. I mean, I know that sounds like a crazy answer, of course it's the songs, but really, when it comes down to it, there has to be a reality, an emotional honesty to what's being played. That's what I think is lacking in bad bands...the lyrics, the delivery, they're just perfunctory, going through the motions. And that's true no matter what the subject matter is. I don't necessarily think that every song needs to be about politics to be important. I think that Naked Aggression is just as boring and disingenuous as Britney Spears, in that they bring nothing new, nothing relevant to their songs. It's just going through the motions -- "Oh, we're a punk band, so let's sing about smashing the state..." Whereas, J Church can write about the smallest things in their neighborhood, and it's real, it's interesting...

Simplicity is a virtue, I think. While I know that my lyrics tend to be verbose, in that didactic Bad Religion/Propagandhi way, I really love guys like Woody Guthrie (*Hell yeah!-Ed.)* or Martin from Crudos, who write in the simplest, most unadorned fashion. Those songs are written with such sincerity, and delivered with such conviction, that the full weight of the songs never fails to be delivered.

It's kinda funny, 'cos I've been evangelizing lately about how I think the song is way more important than the singer. It comes from, I guess, my exposure to the folk scene, where the songs transcend their writers, and are performed by a variety of people, and, as a result, belong to everyone--the 'folk.' We were talking about punk bands doing covers, and someone said something to the effect that no one should cover Minor Threat or Dead Kennedys, and I totally disagree. I mean, these songs were written to

be played, to be heard, and even though those bands aren't around to play 'em they oughta be heard, still.

From where I live it seems like often sXe is just a phase within a phase, ya' know, it's like for a lot of kids it's just another hip label to bestow upon yourself for the next month or two, do you find that to be too common?

Well, heck, yeah, I think it's kinda lame to see kids break the edge. However, this ties into a larger picture of a lack of direction in general. It seems like it's hip to either be 'label-less' and not be held accountable to any strong stance or belief, or else folks go off the deep end, and become sXe (or vegan, punk, whatever) superheroes, only to burn out fast.

I guess that, like in so many cases, the truth lies along the middle road. I'll often go out on a limb, and plant myself firmly in the ideological camp I feel most aligned with, at the drop of a hat. I'm a strong believer in going with your gut instinct. Many situations can be pretty accurately assessed quickly, holding up a standard barometer. For instance, if I hear about an instance of violence or oppression, be it interpersonal or international, I can pretty much oppose myself to it automatically. I didn't hafta hear too much about Kosovo to believe that the US was acting in a fucked-up way, and further investigation proved this to be true. In the same way, with a strong ethical compass, I think that veganism, sXe, anti-homophobia, feminism, anti-racism...these are pretty standard responses...

However, there are times where my snap judgements are...well...less than accurate. But, fuck, that's the way it goes, y'know? I'd rather have to eat my words from time to time than never take a stand at all!

Anyway, my point is that taking a stance isn't a bad thing, even if that stance turns out to be not so solid, after all.

Another thing I've always held true is that any exposure to progressive ideologies--sXe, veganism, egalitarianism, blah, blah--is going to leave some positive residue. If these kids who claim sXe, then claim college LaCrosse a year later, if they never listen to Youth of Today or Minor Threat again, at least they heard the words, and those words will help to shape them into being maybe a little bit better than they would be otherwise...

And, of course, knowing how many kids are killed from drug and alcohol related incidents each year, if straightedge helps to get them to graduation alive, fuckin' cool. And hopefully they'll be more circumspect in their attitudes toward drugs later.

I dunno. I'm coming off as pretty soft on drugs, huh? Well, I guess I am. I think drinking and drugging are fucking fucked, but they ain't the end of the Earth...I guess I fall somewhere in between thinking sXe is strictly personal--it's not, it's all about being evangelical, and speaking out--and falling into the 'militant' grounds. Well, I'm pretty damn far from the militant side...

KUNGFU RICK

Simply put Kungfu Rick is amazing. One of the most underrated local bands in my opinion. I remember I saw these guys when I thought 88 Fingers Louie were "Really hard, man." they pretty much scared the hell out of me. Anyways check 'em out when you can.

How much has your' sound changed since the 7"?

Ryan: Most of us don't think our sound has changed that much, but I guess a lot of people who have reviewed our new LP think that we have grown a little bit heavier. The new LP has a little more metal influence than the 7" but not that much.

Why did you choose to make the song "Motivation to Abuse" the title track of your album?

Ryan: The theme of the LP is the different forms of abuse society places on an individual. All the lyrics deal with topics about such things as violence, fashion, etc.

Two of you do E.A. Records right? Is there something that E.A. hopes to accomplish, like a common goal or message?

Ryan: Our guitar player John runs EA Records with the singer of Authority Abuse. I think EA is trying to get a lot of hardcore bands heard. There are a lot of hardcore bands that are so underrated because they don't have friends in the right places.

What band made you pick up an instrument, and start rocking out, and why?

Ryan: For me it was all about frustrations. I take everything in throughout the time when the band is not playing shows and then release it when I play. It is a good form of relief for me. I'm. not good at speaking, but I always try to send a message through my lyrics.

What side do you take on the Major vs. Indie label thing, would Kungfu Rick go to a major if you didn't have to change your sound and you could make music your life?

Ryan: As long as I'm making the music I want to make and have total control of what I'm doing, I would definitely go for it. However, you and I know that will probably never happen.

Do you think violence is something that could be eliminated from society and that nothing good could stem from it or do you think that if used correctly it could be a tool used for good?

Ryan: No, I don't think violence can be totally eliminated. Violence is part of the society and the society will always be a part of us. Face it, it is hard to get away from society. We definitely can work at taking steps toward stopping violence, like talking to each other and being open to someones situation.

What do you think of bumper sticker politics that people like Un-American Activities has helped make so popular with slogans like "Fuck Work" or "Fuck The Police"?

Ryan: As you said, those are just slogans. If you want to be represented by a slogan that is fine. I know that I would want to speak out about why I have a problem with work; how work degrades a human being. I know that I would want to speak out about why I have a problem with police; how police need to understand the people that they think they're protecting.

Who do you think should be (wo)man of the century and why?

Ryan: That's a hard question for me because I really don't hold anybody higher than another. There are so many great people out there who do such wonderful things. **Write Kungfu Rick/ 196 Fairfield/ Elmhurst, IL. 60126**

REVIEWS

John Meehan's play list

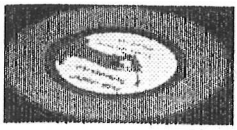
1. "The Times They Are A Changin"- Bob Dylan
2. "The Clash"- The Clash
3. "Learn...Forget...Relearn"- My Lai

"Anthems 94-97"CD- Brother Inferior- S.U.M.-$6.00- I first heard these guys on their split with NOTA and quite honestly they blew NOTA away! It's time for those oldies to move over and make room for the new OK. hardcore champions. Released on the singers own label this basically compiles everything they've done except the new E.P. I hope that those of you hip enough to have heard about the old barn punk fest went and checked these guys out. This is definitely a must buy, and for six bucks why not, give it a try, you will not be dissapointed.

"S/T"CD- Frontside-Sinister Label-$6.00- Ah yes, "mosh-core" since I don't exactly like moshing, I didn't think I'd really like this, but how can one resist screaming along to "One Truth Divided" which is probably the strongest track on the album. Well this is an odd release for the man who has been said to "Only be down with pop punk." but then again Craig (Sinister, of course.) has been holding down a position at Victory lately.... Well this CD is pretty good and some of these songs could definitely get you moving however, this just doesn't touch some of the other local bands like In Truth.

"I Lied My Face Off"LP/CDEP- Alkaline Trio-Asian Man-$6.00- You all know them and if you're like all the listeners to my radio show you love them. Well there are four songs on here and for some reason they felt it neccesary to put it on an LP (Why?) or CDEP (Most annoying) format. The songs don't really stand well on their own but if you listen to this in its entirety it's alright. Only standout is the title track.

"Split"EP-Trepan Nation/Strength In Numbers- DC Records-$3.00- Two very strong tracks and one throwaway ("Plausible Denial") by the always original and intelligent (see interview) Trepan Nation. Strength In Numbers plays pretty generic



REVIEWS

'88 youth crew throwback hardcore, maybe they shouldn't have done this split with Trepan Nation, whose music and lyris are 10 times more powerful than theirs, however props must be given to theses kids simply because they're pretty good for their age. Get this for Trepan Nation.

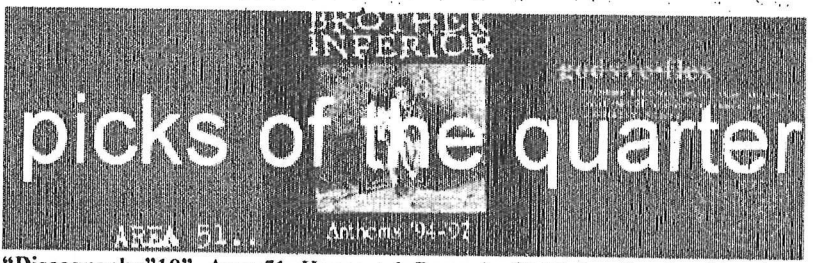
"Motivation To Abuse"LP-KungFu Rick- Up Jumps The Devil Records-?.00- A very strong release from these Elmhurst rockers. MRR says this record has a more German hardcore sound than power violence. I don't fully agree, although this release does have a more heavy, brutal sound to it, it still has a power violence/grindcore feel to it. One turn off about this record is that the vocals were mixed way too low. However with a vocalist named The Dark Enforcer who dresses in a cloak, ski mask, and goggles makes up for just about everything that was kinda bad about this record. Recommended.

"A Part of America Died Today"EP-Code 13-Havoc Records-$3.00- This is alright. Code 13 can pull off a few different music styles pretty well, they do grind very well, sped up old school hardcore, and some sped up old school skate thrash. Well like many other releases on Havoc this comes to us on colored vinyl (Always a plus, see through yellow.) and also like most releases on Havoc the music is always pretty good but the lyrics aren't enough to make anything memorable. I mean sure the lyrics are good enough to get my grandma upset but not enough to make me think. I've had a few too many half baked political lyrics and calling a song "Free the Unabomber" isn't exactly my idea of a political statement, so buy it if you want to scare your grandma but don't expect to hear anything new.

"Isolationist"EP-United Super Villains-Havoc Records-$3.00- Sample driven fastcore from Wisconsin coming to us on purple vinyl. This band is a funny lookin bunch, not the sort Felix Havoc would usually want on his label, the kids all have baggy pants and -AAA- stickers and shirts! Something that I would think would turn off Felix immediately but I guess not. So this band has opened for the new Vanilla Ice and have recieved much praise on this record well they ain't getting it here only two good songs ("No More" "Another Cop Song") and a bunch of other crap. But I think this band will get better in time and possibly become very good.

"Shifting"EP-Gods Reflex-Rebound Records-$3.00- First of all very neat packaging and I like the white vinyl. Lyrics are like broken poetry about girls, which is alright to me. I'd rather hear sincere lyrics about girls than cheesy fuck the police lyrics. The music on here is poppy emo, I'm afraid to just call them emo because emo alone is pretty different in my opinion (see Mineral) But this is really good and they seemed to have slowed things down a bit since their split with The Rodmans they definitely sound more professional, which they should it's been a couple of years. Get this.

REVIEWS



"Discography"10"- Area 51- Hopscotch Records- $6.00- I realize that this release is pretty old, but if you haven't seen it it's new to you! And I know most kids around here have never heard of Area 51... Well this release pretty much defines teen angst, thrashy hardcore at its finest. Not as hard as the grindcore genre that I know most of you are falling over for now, but a million times angrier, in this reviewers humble opinion. Check this out.

"Lucky"2XLP- Fifteen- Sub City Records-$10.00- I have a pretty large problem with the way hopeless records new label is being run as only 5% of the record sales is donated to charity of the bands choice, not a very "punk" decision in my opinion, we all know Hopeless records is doing pretty goddamn well and I'm pretty sure they could afford to give away more than 5% of profits! Another problem is most of the kids who are big followers of the Hopeless label (Mostly kids who have had little exposure to the 'true' punk rock ethic, no offense intended.) will think this is great and Hopeless is providing a huge service.... Oh yeah the record is probably some of the best Fifteen material in quite some time...

"Cheating At Solitare"CD- Mike Ness- Time Bomb-$?.00- Social Distortion's frontman goes solo and dabbles in country, folk, and good old rockn'roll. Most people who are familiar with my tastes know that I'd love this, Social Distortion has always been ranked highly on my list and I have quite a thing for folk music and old rockn'roll. The music on here is good and what's even better are Mike Ness's vocals. I don't know if TG readers would dig this but I certainlty do.

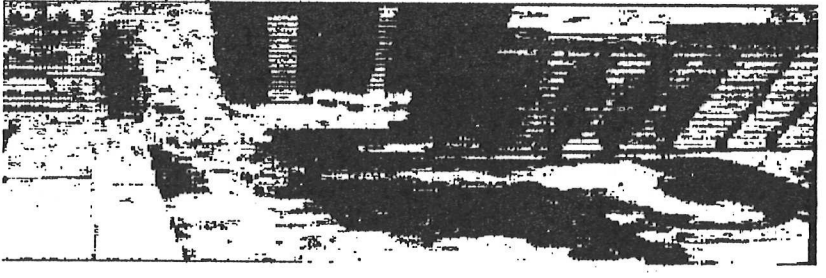
Label Adresses

ASIAN MAN/ P.O. Box 35585/ Monte Sereno, CA 95030
DC RECORDS/ 574 Carlisle Ct./ Glen Ellyn, IL. 60317
HAVOC/ P.O. Box 8585/ Minneapolis, MN. 55408
HOPSCOTCH/ P.O. Box 55783/ Valencia, CA. 913385
REBOUND/ 17019 Evergreen Elm Way/ Houston, TX 77059
SINISTER/ P.O. Box 1178/ LaGrange PK, IL. 60526
S.U.M./ P.O. Box 8545/ Tulsa OK. 74101-8545
TIME BOMB/ 219 Broadway Suite 519/ Laguna Beach, CA. 92651
UPJUMPSDEVIL/ P.O. Box 470650/ Chicago IL. 60647

Teenage Genocide.

Exerpt from "HAPPY AMMUNITION"

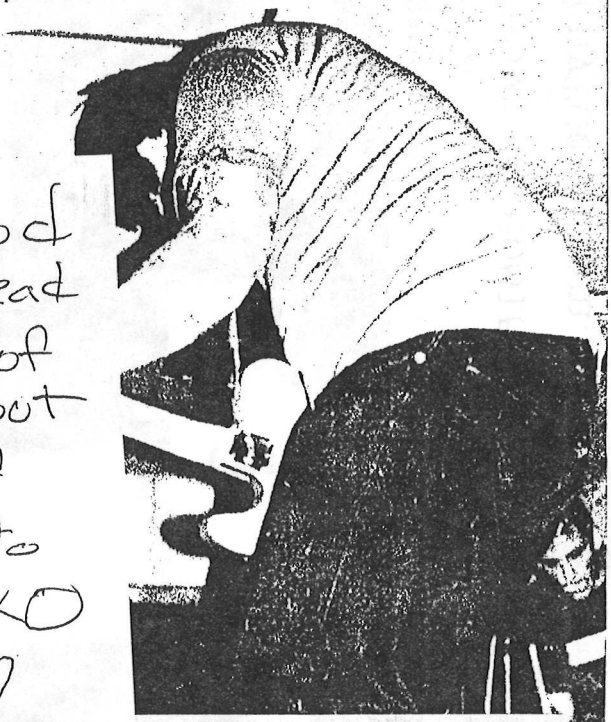
All this planet does is look for profit. "Let's start a fucking war! Lets get the economy to shoot up our asses! YEAHHH!" Oh please .... You make me sick! This is the angry, "what the fuck" mentality that you fear oh so much, and would simply dismiss as a problem. They would shove my mind in a
padded cell, and interrogate my ass until I bled black fuel of destruction.
Molded blood, fueling the shit I hate. I screamed but no one heard, only because the ripped my throat out and used it to make footballs and plastic spoons to accompany your dixie cups. Maybe they'll gouge my eyes out and use it to make the mayonnaise that you spread on your tuna sandwiches.
Liberation is merely a dream that fills this nationalistic, conceited
world. Freedom is one thing, but free thinking is another. To think of a piece of fruit before worrying about your family is considered outrageous. If the president decided to launch coffee tables instead of bombs, we would be much happier. "Your fakin' me out, you wear a mask whore! Iye figured you out!? Let the fat ass devour your fucking head of light!! BLOOD
IS MERELY THE PAINT OF LIFE! WHY ARE YOU SCARED OF IT?.?!! WHYWHYWHYWHY
WHYWHYWHYWHYWHYWHYWHY????????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! There are spiders rats and mips all over me! Everywhere indulging themselves on a piece of lust and skanky dirty sex. The spider humps the mip, and the rat sucks his own fucking dick!! Iye seen sights easier to take though...A small girl fucking her pet dog, in front of the Empire State building while eating a ho-ho, riding a bicycle, and sucking a chimpanzee's dick. Yeah aren't muffins great when they start to invade your privacy and blow away your entire family with a nice juicy AK-47? Yeah it is isn't it? Why is everybody against me?!! All I want is liberation, but your subconscious, fatalistic ideas of freedom get flushed down the toilet with all of the other shit that pours from your ass. Obscenity?! What? Exactly!! HA!!
Eat my shit you rubber man!!!!!!!!
Suck my banana you plastic can!!



Teenage Genocide.

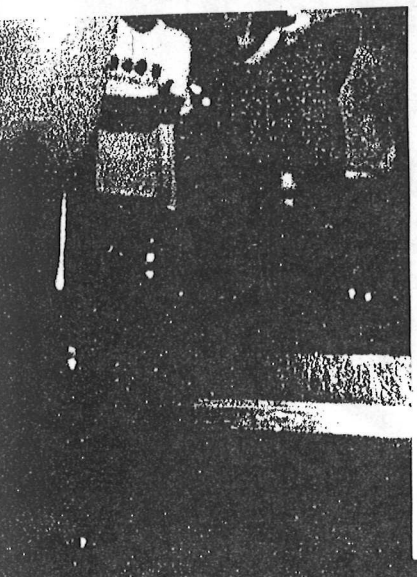
Ah shit! This Fat Man knew how to burn! The fucker burnt holes in every vein I could focus on. I got there and it was all blurry. Blurry in the sense that everything was out of place, replaced with something else; blurred beyond recognition. Walls replaced with spiders, floors replaced with tomato sauce, lights replaced with forks and knives, railings replaced with worms. It was all so beautiful. So fucking beautiful. So many thoughts turned to a reality, only in my mind. All words becoming all reality. No sorrow brings down this iridescent heart of gold. Ah but alas, the gold will rust. It withers and peels, and begins its own civilization of purity, and nothingness. Oh how I long to acquire the identity of the gold. For it is but a thought, and unfortunately, thoughts are the one true reality unrecognized by the minds of the world. YOU SUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! You wont break this glass eye! This void travels farther than all, winding in and out of the slums, past the filth, past the whores, and into the small little world you call "heaven." Into the trees and mists of a never ending forest of disillusioned and fractured cerebral fuck ups, alone in the world. This river winds past the heaven and into the hell now. Stereotypically, fires and pits of burning souls, amongst a vast, wide array of rejected minds. REJECTED!! Listen to that. Your own species, rejected by your own species ..... oh man. This river towering. TOWERING I TELL YOU! Rocketing to the sky! Rocket!! The SKY!!! The sky containing all but the clouds, and all but the blue haven in which you claim to die for. Yes the void continues. A fractal of dreams extending from a single thread of reality. Only if you can find it, of course. Find the thread, pull it, bum it, travel it, kill it. I've been hunting you down .... watching your eyes from station to station; each station containing the basic elements of life. Ah but your eyes. Your ever so bright eyes.
They stand there among all. Among all... And hence, begins another void.
FUCK!!!!!!!!!!Bleh! This was all so clear years ago. The moon was white, the sky was blue, and I loved you. Ah shit! This life is fucked, I'm not writing anymore. Not for now. So long ass holes!I!!! Send all hate mail to: ziggy5@earthlink.net ..... -mg

"Picture of the Farewell Blend Page,
AKA, Holy Shit I need to fill another Page"

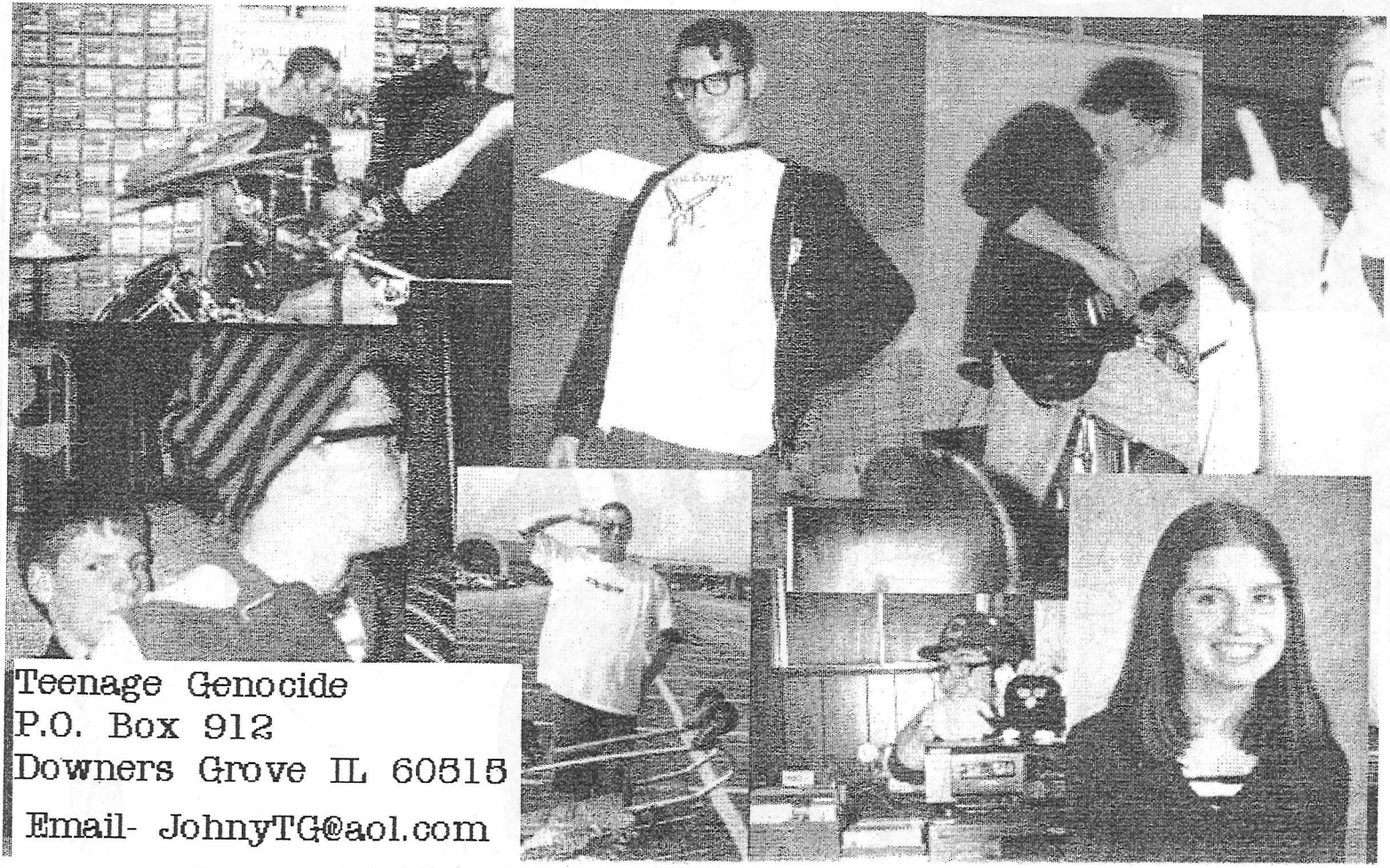


Have A Good Winter Kids, Read "A People's History of the U.S." Check Out the latest copy of "Ten Things" listen to "All AGES" = XOXO

♥ John Medan ♥



"All AGES"
WQNC 89.1fm
Friday Nights
12-4a.m.



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